

The Worst is past.

O R.



A merry new Song that lately was pend,
VVhich when these things alter, the times will amend:
It's merry and harmlesse, free from all distaste,
Vnd when these changes come, the worst is past.

| To a pleasant new Tunc.



Matters all give out awhile
Gle be the best to make you smile,
Dyng to give me man diffise,
But fall them when the boſt is past.

And therefore mē to please you all,
Se pen and ink I did befall,
And calling up my somme of talk,
I tol them but the boſt is past.

When merchants they leare ther buying,
And leapers leare gibe ther lyng.
And all p̄eculiar are groten chaff,
Wher then I hope, &c.

When land lopus be leare faling rent,
And with god friends will be content,
And millets turn god fellos in battis,
Wher then I think, &c.

When Turnbull Credit had no're a jobe;
Sine therto their flailing trees gibe ope,
Sine wanton trenchas all like chaffs,
Wher then I hope, &c.

When bigle bony soldiers will grifis
To take a gagle, hunting hiber armer,
Sine reuention made in battis,
Wher then I think, &c.

When all will live by honest means,
Hating vice, cards, and coveting quene,
And all eschew ill wayes in battis,
Wher then I hope, &c.

When her-men are byds fellos all,
They'll drinke the strong and leare the small,
And then the reuengings pale at last,
Wher then I hope, &c.

When northern cloth gibus ther drinking
And all god fellos leare off drinking,
And weares all hate bappis their last,
Wher then I hope, &c.

When parsons will take nofe,
And so with sy will all agrē,
And spend no coyne in late alimony,
Wher then I hope, &c.

When Capitena will not thake by force
And to scape tis sy we are leath,
And all old scoures are past in battis,
Wher then I think the boſt is past.

Thus finishing all may wond space,
Let allere ill turn from the race,
And learn with sped to mend in battis,
And then we are save the boſt is past.

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The second part

to the same tune.



VVhen Wallers will not use a bell,
And travellers no lies will tell,
And all's that I spoke, prob' true at last,
Why then I think the worst is past.

When some inquirers after news,
Whose ears do itch so; what ensues,
Will be content to know at last,
Why then I think the worst is past.

When knights o'th post will swear no lie,
And truth is known from flattery.
Then need no Willies up be plac'd,
For then I think, &c.

When as Joan Gattern cleanly groynes,
With cut her nails, and pare her toes,
And will fare cleanly at the last,
Why then I think the worst is past.

When Poyngals will save their cogen,
And will at once but two pence joyne,
Unto the Mercers both in haste,
Why then I think, &c.

When Gosips to no sent will range,
Nor sometimes to the sun shall change.
Then falling tales will all the waste,
And then I think, &c.

And when new fashions are not used,
And in some trades truth's not abused,

Then we shall see god dayes at last,
And surely think, &c.

When Gallants in their winks not sweare,
And all poor men are free from care,
And spend not all in lostfull waste,
Why then I think, &c.

When thiebes leave off their stealing trade,
And Cheats to rook men are afraid,
And are inclinde to good at last,
Why then I think the worst is past.

When Brokers will refuse a paken,
And Parasites will leave to saton,
And Bankerouts pay all men in hastes,
Why then I hope, &c.

When horse couriers will leave to sweare,
And the b's to Newgate none repairs,
And D^r W^m Stortes Cap kanns waste,
Why then I think, &c.

When Willies midnight-walker will
Turn from her coulles which are ill,
And come no more unto men's waste,
Why then I think, &c.

And thus so to conclude in halfe,
Hoping none vertuous in distaste.
When all our recknings pale at last,
Why then I hope the worst is past.

FINIS

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